were in inextricable confusion, and we wonder how the letters, parcels, money, periodicals, should ever reach their individual destinations. But then every letter has its special address inscribed upon it—it has the name and residence of the party, and MI it shall in due time fall into his hands, and bring its proper intelligence. And what different purposes do these letters fulfil—what varied emotions do they excite! This declares that friends are in health and prospering—this other is the bearer of the news of wealth, or of the wealth itself—this third tells of some crushing disappointment, and quenches long-cherished hopes by the tidings of the utter failure of deep-planned schemes—while this fourth, with sable symbols, announces to the wife that she is a widow, or to the parent that he is childless, or to the child fondly cherished by the mother that he is an orphan. It is a kind of picture of the movements of Providence. What a crowd of events huddled together, and apparently confused, does it carry along with it! Very diverse are the objects bound up in that bundle, very varied are the emotions which they are to excite when opened up: yet how coolly and systematically does the vehicle proceed on its way! Neither the joy nor the sorrow which it produces causes it to linger an instant in its course. But meanwhile every occurrence, or bundle of occurrences, is let out at its proper place. Each has a name inscribed upon it, each has a place to which it is addressed. Each, too, has a message to carry, and a purpose to fulfil. Some inspire hope or joy, others raise only fear and sorrow. The events which are unfolded by the same course of things, and which fall out the same day, bring gladness to one, and land another in deepest distress. On the occurrence of the same event you perceive one weeping and another rejoicing. Some of the dispensations are observed to propagate prosperity through a whole

community. And these others, so black and dismal, and of which so many arrive at the same time, carry, as they are scattered, gloom into the abodes of thousands. But amid all this seeming confusion, every separate event has its separate destination. If pestilence has only some one person devoted to it in a city or community, that person it will assuredly find out, and execute the judgment of heaven upon him. If there be a thousand persons allotted to it in a district, it will not allow one of the thousand to escape. If, among the numbers who are